

RELIGIOUS INFORMER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EBENEZER CHASE, P. M. ENFIELD, N. H.

To whom all letters, must be addressed.

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FOR THE INFORMER.

TO THE FREEWILL BAPTISTS.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,

I have for a long time been impressed with the idea, that it was my duty to direct a letter to you through the medium of the Informer. I hope you will forgive me, if I err in judgment. I do think that you as a religious denomination, are placed in a very important station. That great and precious sentiment, dear to you as it is also to myself, **FREE SALVATION**, gives you in a peculiar degree the means of doing much good to the souls of men. In your sentiments, you are not circumscribed. Wherever you go, you carry with you a *free gospel*, a gospel that is good news and glad tidings to *all* who are willing to receive it. You can say to the chief of sinners, look to Christ and live.

You can say in the sweet language of the Poet,

"Were sinners more,
Than sand upon the ocean's shore:
Christ has for *all* a ransom paid;
For *all* a full atonement made."

Another thing, I think, gives you, in many respects, advantage over many denominations of christians. As a distinct society you are young, and, I rejoice to say, have not become puffed up with pride and sinful conformity to the world. Believe me, dear brethren, splendid temples, priestly robes, and all the grandeur and honour of the world, add nothing to the real happiness and spirituality of christians. From the history of those, who have gone before you, you can at once perceive the truth of what I say. Has worldly prosperity benefitted them? Ah! no; it has been their destruction, on this rock how many thousands have split! Beware! Beware of the honour that cometh from men.

You may not be popular, in the world, you may not receive the applauses of the multitude yea, you may even be despised by many; but, be humble, and trust in him, who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, trust in the blessed Jesus, and you will have and enjoy that which is infinitely better than all that earth can give. Maintain your christian simplicity, maintain gospel humility, maintain a conformity to the selfdenying precepts of Jesus, and God will bless you. He has already blessed you; he is now blessing you; be *meek* and he will continue to bless you. Yes, God is now blessing you. How often am I affected and sometimes even to tears by reading accounts of revivals of religion in the *Informers*. The account of the dear young sister, whom her Father would not permit to go forward in baptism, affected me much; and even now while I am writing, I feel to bless God for his goodness in answering the prayers of the brethren and opening the way before her. O the great goodness of God! If we are faithful and trust in him, he will remove our difficulties and though many may be our afflictions and trials, yet out of them all will he deliver us. Brethren, I should write much more on this subject, but I know not how you will receive it. If you receive it kindly I may write you again.

I hope you will not be discouraged because you are not so learned and wealthy and honorable as are some denominations around you. As I said above, I think you are in a situation to be instrumental of great good to the souls of men by preaching a free gospel and maintaining, (as I think you now do,) gospel simplicity and humility. I beseech you, not, as you increase in numbers and influence, to forsake the strait and narrow way. Be not weary in well doing and in due season you shall reap if you faint not. Receive instruction, take warning by those who have gone before you. As soon as they began to be inflated with pride, and ambitious to be honourable in the world, they began to lose their spirituality, and God began to withdraw from them those peculiar blessings, with which, while they were humble, he was pleased to favour them. Brethren if you walk in their steps, it will, by and by, be so with you. I write as unto wise men, Judge ye of what I say.

Your servant in the bonds of a Free Gospel,

O. F. B.

Providence, July 7th, 1825.

Copy of a letter from Br. Barachias Holt to the editor, dated at Exeter, Penobscot Co. Me. June 24, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER,

Desirous to become more extensively acquainted with our brethren residing westward of us; we send you a communication comprising a brief history of our united circle; known by the name of the Exeter Q. M. Last June we became a conjoint corporation including seven churches; the two extremities of which are about fifty miles distant from each other. Since our Q. M. in Jan. last, at Atkinson, of which you published refreshing information from brother Baker; we have had two: one at Milow and another at Exeter, both of which were attended with the delightful presence of the Lord of Hosts to his saints; while a fearfulness of falling into the hands of the living God, roused the impenitent from their dreadful slumbers.

Our last Q. M. which was at Exeter, commenced the third Saturday in this month, and continued during the successive Sabbath. Saturday the meeting of business opened as usual, and letters, and messengers from most of the churches represented the favorable standing of our brethren. Three churches within the circuit of the Q. M. presented requests for reception which were granted; likewise requests were forwarded for Elders to visit in two of these churches and examine and separate for the work of the ministry one in each church, provided on examination, they should consider them set apart by the HOLY GHOST, to bear the vessels of the Lord. Accordingly in the Elders' conference on Monday, messengers were chosen to visit their churches, and to "*do with all their might*," whatever they should deem requisite; and report their success at the next quarter, which, together with Zion's general prosperity among us, we shall probably communicate to you for publication immediately after our meeting in Oct.

Our Q. M. now stands agreeable to the following.—The church at Maxfield, contains 39 members, Milow 23, Sebec 15, Atkinson 46, New Charlestown 14, Garland 9, Exeter 50, Pittsfield 11, Harmony 14 North hill unknown.

The Ordained Elders are Jesse Burnam, Maxfield. Asa Burnam, Sebec. Nathaniel Harvey, Atkinson. Josiah Bartlett, Garland. John Page, Joseph Osgood, Exeter.

Wm. Knowls, Harmony. Samuel Wormwood, North hill.

The benign appearing of the Morning Star in this eastern part of the state excites the renewal of rapturous joys in the hearts of the faithful disciples of the dear Redeemer. Those who have solitarily wept while they beheld the new towns flourishing in agriculture, that the husbandman's obdurate heart remained unmoved, notwithstanding the smiles of a bounteous providence kindly invited to reverence and adore the Author of so much beneficence, now rejoice and praise God with acclamations of thanksgiving, that the distilling dew from the high hand of Jehovah has fallen upon the inhabitants; and the relentless heart that long refused to obey his God, now bows in humble adoration of the great Father of the universe. We are happy to learn from the pages of the Informer, that in different places in the western and middle states, as well as to the eastward, the Lord is wonderfully enlightening the benighted hearts of lost sinners by the glorious effusions of the Holy Ghost. The ancient promise of this blessed and only remedy for the recovery of the impenitent is astonishingly verified in this later age, so that sinners are crying out in broken accents, "*what must I do to be saved,*" the precious youth are persuaded to forget their idle vanities, in remembrance of the momentous concerns of an unseen state, and earnestly solicit an interest in "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." We rejoice that we hear such good tidings, but more especially are our hearts gladdened by beholding with our eyes the wonderful works of the Lord. Sinners are weeping around us in many of the towns where our churches are situated, and a general solemnity prevails.

The harvest is truly plenteous, and many more faithful labourers are needed to engage in the great works of persuading precious souls to "*flee from the wrath to come,*" and we rejoice to add, that there appears to be a holy resolution awakened in the hearts of our brethren to go and work in the vineyard of the Lord; and diligently attend to the part assigned them. We see our fellow sinners perishing in their sins; and as the preaching of the gospel was instituted by the Lord Jesus as a more especial means of convincing the impenitent of their danger: we have made an effort to relieve faithful ministers of the cross, that they may, *unembur-*

passed, preach the everlasting gospel to the dying children of men.

We earnestly pray God to bless our recent exertion to stay up the hands of the faithful heralds of Jesus, and that our success will be such in promoting reformatations, that every Q. M. in the states will adopt a similar method, and pursue it with a holy ardour relying upon the good spirit of the Lord to make abundantly useful all their endeavours.

In behalf of the Q. M.

BARACHIAS HOLT, Clerk.

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FOR THE INFORMER.

Copy of a letter from Br. Joseph Robinson to the editor, dated at Richmond, Me. July 16, 1825.

BROTHER EBENEZER CHASE,

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that God has recently visited this part of his heritage in great mercy. A Quarterly Meeting was holden in this town the 19th of last February, at which we experienced the indications of a gracious visitation, since which time the work of reformation has been spreading rapidly in this and the adjacent towns, till scores have been brought triumphantly from darkness to the glorious light of the gospel of Christ. The principal instrument in this great work is Br. Clement Phinney, from Harrison who visited this vicinity the last winter and has continued labouring in conjunction with others till within about three weeks.—Just before he left us, a church was embodied containing 66 members, called the second church in Richmond. Several more candidates are now ready for baptism and admission into this infant church. The whole number that have professed faith in Christ in this Reformation, exceeds 100, and nearly as many more have been reclaimed from a backslidden state. The work is still spreading in this town and in Litchfield, Gardiner, Bowdoinham, and Bowdoin.—Many of the instances of conversion have been attended with circumstances unusual and almost miraculous. Many stout hearted sinners, who have opposed themselves to this work of God, have been brought to bow to the sceptre of Christ.

Yours in christian affection,

JOSEPH ROBINSON.

EDGECOMB QUARTERLY MEETING

Was holden in Brunswick July 2d and 3d 1825. Accounts were received from several churches as follows, viz. From Bowdoin Church that they have had a glorious refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and four have been added: several others baptized. In Small Point Church, a prospect of additions. Lisbon 2d Church, rather low, but a good prospect of a revival. In Lisbon 1st Church, a reviving; two have been added.

In the town of Richmond there has been, since February last, a glorious outpouring of the spirit of God. A Church has been embodied in Richmond consisting of about 60 members, most of whom have lately experienced a pardon of their sins. This work has spread marvellously in Litchfield and Bowdoinham; and some in Bowdoin and Gardiner, adjacent towns. Elders Clement Phinney, Joseph Robinson and Allen Files have been honored as instruments in promoting the work which still continues to spread without any appearance of relaxation. Other Churches in this Q. M. generally in a low state.

Voted to establish a new Q. M., to be called Bowdoin Q. M. and to include all the Churches on the West side of Kennebeck River.

Edgecomb Yearly Meeting is to be holden in Woolwich on the 1st Saturday in Sept. next.

Bowdoin Q. M. to be holden in Bowdoin 1st Saturday in Oct. next.

Edgecomb Q. M. to be holden on Parkers Island 3d Saturday in Oct. next.

JOHN HINKLEY, Clerk.

FOR THE INFORMER.

Copy of a letter from Elder S. F. Whitten to the editor, dated at Newburgh Me. June 9th, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

After a silence of a number of months, I take my pen to inform you, that I attended an extra Q. M. at Prospect last Saturday and Sabbath, which was truly refreshing.

Yesterday I held a meeting in Newburgh with Elder Swett and others, at which time my soul was much delighted to see the wonderful works of God. In the year 1819

I laboured here with tears, but returned home with a heavy heart. I now find, however, that my labour was not in vain in the Lord. The state of things is so changed, that I cannot describe my joy. Many, who wept then, rejoice now.

The labours of Elder Swett have been abundantly blessed here. When he came, there was a church of about 30 members, who united in prayer for a revival, and now there are over 80 members in Newburgh, and 60 in Dixmont; but these are but part of the great number, who have found a part in Jesus of late.

The work of God has been and still is marvellous beyond description in this region. Truly the "*wilderness buds and blossoms like the rose.*"

SAMUEL F. WHITTEN.

THE HABITATION NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

A Letter from a pious poor Man to a Christian Friend.

Having this opportunity I send you a line; and it informs you that, through the great goodness of the Lord, my poor clay tabernacle is in tolerable good repair, although the beams and rafters seem to grow weaker; when the Builder intends taking it down I am altogether uncertain; and as I may, and ought to expect that the time will shortly come when I must quit my present habitation, I desire, wish, and pray that my next house may be built of better materials, and not subject to any decay. I sometimes take a peep at the place where my new house is to be built; but through the dimness of my sight and the weakness of my understanding, I cannot as yet comprehend the beauty of the situation, nor rightly understand the form of the house, but I am informed by the Builder, that he will make it like his own habitation. I have somewhere read about the form of the city, and the beauty of the streets, and the description is so elegantly grand and glorious, it is enough to stir up a desire and a longing in the heart to be there; I am told further, there is a vast number of inhabitants in the place where my house is to be built; and also that they all live in love and in peace, and no foe can ever enter the city, so that the inhabitants live without fear, and I am further assured that their employ will be praising the Builder of the city, and as you and I love singing, I humbly hope our voices will be properly tuned, for I should like to sing as well as the best, for surely no one will have greater cause to sing than I. Now I being a tenant at will, the owner of my tabernacle has a right to turn me out at a moment's warning; nay, without any warning at all, therefore I daily pray that I may be enabled to obey His command, and that is, to be always ready; I find a vast number of things want rectifying and altering in my poor tabernacle; but I humbly hope, that as the Builder I trust, intends my tabernacle for a habitation for Himself, He will subdue every thing that is contrary to His good pleasure, and cleanse the house, thoroughly, making it a fit and proper habitation for his blessed

abode. The glorious Builder of my house has left upon record exceedingly encouraging words of promise, to comfort the wayfaring man while on his journey to the desired city. He has also set up way-marks, and given proper directions, insomuch that if the traveller keeps his eye upon the direction post, and walks according to the plan marked out, he will not greatly err; besides, there is something more encouraging still, the traveller has one for his guide, who is perfectly acquainted with the way to the city, and also knows all the dangers, enemies, and difficulties of the way through which the traveller has to pass; and this guide is more than a match for all the foes that infest the road; nay, He has power of all countries invested in His hand, and all His enemies, and His followers' enemies will shortly, and forever, be put under His feet. You, dear madam, have had a taste of the fruit of this upper and better country, and the taste makes you long to feast more bountifully upon the heart-cheering, soul-comforting viands; the earnest of your future possession you have already received, which is a sure token or seal that the full enjoyment shall be experienced in due time; in the mean time it is the pilgrim's duty and privilege to be desiring, hoping, watching and striving till the time of deliverance comes; and as the heavenly manna is daily spreading round your habitation, I humbly hope and pray that you may experience abundance of increase, that you may daily rejoice in full assurance of hope of forever enjoying the house not made with hands, in a kingdom that shall never be removed.

Am. Tract Mag.

THE MINISTER AND THE INDIAN WOMAN,

OR

THE TRACT ON ARDENT SPIRITS AND TOBACCO.

From a Clergyman in Massachusetts.

About eight or nine years ago, I procured for distribution among my people one hundred of Rush's Treatise upon the "EFFECTS OF ARDENT SPIRITS." Among those to whom they were distributed, was a female of colour, who was often observed to be under the influence of intoxicating liquors. She was a person of uncommon shrewdness, and had a great inclination for reading. Sometime after she received this Tract, she called at my house, in my absence, and left with my wife a Tract, which she requested that I would read, and give my opinion as to its correctness. It was "ADAM CLARKE'S SERIOUS ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS UPON THE USE OF TOBACCO." She stated that she herself was in the habit of using tobacco, but if she could be made to believe it was sinful, as Mr. Clarke represented it to be, she would certainly lay it aside. To satisfy her mind she wished to have the opinion of her minister, in which she professed to repose entire confidence. When the tract was presented to me on my return, with the accompanying message, it was not difficult to understand the meaning. I myself had been in the habit of using tobacco for many years, both by chewing and smoking. I had already experienced many struggles in my own mind in relation to the practice as productive of evils, and not very seemly for a Christian minister; but like most others indulging similar habits, had not been able to come to an effectual resolution to desist. I read Dr. Clarke's Address with great attention and pleasure, and in full view of the man

per in which it had come into my hands. In addition to the *conviction* which it wrought in my own mind, I was led to reflect, that it was presented to me by one who acknowledged my kindness in furnishing her with arguments for reformation as to the use of ardent spirits; that we should undoubtedly meet at some future day, when the subject of the Tracts, which we had exchanged, would be conversed upon; and if I had not quitted a practice, which I could not but acknowledge to be a bad one; after attending to the arguments of Dr. Clarke, the inquiry would come with ill grace from me, whether she had been benefitted by the Tract on Ardent Spirits. I accordingly took my tobacco from my pocket, and threw it out of my window, and have never used a mite since. I am happy to add, that Dr. Rush's Tract was equally effectual upon my African friend. She declares, and I believe with truth, that she has drunk no ardent spirits since reading Dr. Rush.

I feel myself under great obligations for the very appropriate return of a Tract, which I so much needed. In consequence of the use of tobacco, I had been for years in a low debilitated state of health. Tobacco destroys the inclination for food—causes indigestion and costiveness, especially in those, who are accustomed to a sedentary life. I have seen a hundred persons since my own experiment, complaining of debility, faintness at stomach, &c. upon whom I have charged the sin of the excessive use of tobacco, and I have generally received an acknowledgement of the fact.

The subject ought to be brought before the Christian community in a serious manner. Thousands, like myself, only need to meet proper remonstrances, in a proper way, and they will no longer defile their pockets with this poisonous weed. Whenever a minister, who is in the habit of using tobacco, shall present RUSH ON ARDENT SPIRITS, let him be repaid by ADAM CLARKE'S SERIOUS ADDRESS. 25.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—A TRUE STORY.

In a great seaport in one of the most distant provinces of France, there lived a merchant, who had carried on trade with equal honour and prosperity, until he was turned of fifty years of age; and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements; and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, reduced in such a situation, as doubled his distress.

His sole resource in this sad situation, was the reflection, that upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing either of imprudence or iniquity appeared. He thought best, therefore, to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true statement of his affairs before his creditors, that being convinced of his honesty they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some and very civilly by all: From whence he received great hopes, which he communicated to his family; but these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be arrested and put to jail. As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, who was about nineteen years old, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he painted the distress of the family in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir,

since you think nothing can compensate for your loss but a victim, let your resentment devolve on me. Let me suffer instead of my father; and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distressed and distracted family I have left behind me. Thus, Sir, you will gratify your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin." And here his tears and sighs stopped his utterance. His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees, in this condition for a full quarter of an hour.—He then sternly bade him to rise and set down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length throwing his arms around the young man's neck, "I find," said he "there is something more valuable than money:—I have an only daughter for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy.—Go, carry your father his discharge—ask his consent—bring him instantly hither—and let us bury in the joy of this alliance, all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms was freed from that fatal error; and Providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding by thus bringing light out of darkness, and through a short scene of misery, rewarded a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity, which they so richly deserved.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed features of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming

family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children—if you are prosperous, they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that married men falling into misfortune, are more apt to relieve their situation in the world than single men; partly because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings, who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet still there is a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect:—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphal pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortunes in large speculations; and had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more tormenting was the thought that he soon was to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him I inquired, "does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness."

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her; and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest things. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve, but feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh! but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to sink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart, it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When its paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you never placed your happiness on outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and sure it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."—"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—I could—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—It will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad day light of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the firm-

lively style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and followed up the impression I had made. I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one, whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to that sunny region in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked me if this was all that had lately made me so unhappy—but poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she experiences no want of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be a real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, except his wife's harp. This, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as he walked out fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love and tenderness and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I, "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh, but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience. She is introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, and almost convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plat in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through the same shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It is Mary's voice in a style of the most touching simplicity, singing a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk—A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; and her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I've been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them, and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here; Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face; "Oh, we shall be so snug!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms around her; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes. And, he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

By this commandment is forbidden strict remarking of the faults of others, without any calling to do so or honest intention of their good; which appears, if, having observed any thing that of truth is reprobable, we seek not to reclaim them by secret and friendly admonition, but passing by themselves divulge it abroad to others. For this is a most foolish self-deceit to think that because it is not forged but true that thou speakest, this keeps thee free of the commandment; thy false intention and malice make it calumny and falsehood in thee, although for the matter of it, what thou sayest be most true; all thou gainest by it is, that thou dost tumble and bemire thyself in the sin of another, and makest it possibly more thine than it is his own that committed it, for he, may be, hath some touch of remorse for it; whereas it is evident that thou delightest in it. And though thou preface it with a whining feigned regret and semblance of pitying him, and add withal some word of commending him in somewhat else; this is but the gilding and sugaring the pill to make men swallow it more easily, and thy bitter malice pass unperceived.—*Leighton.*

DESTRUCTIVE WHIRLPOOL.

On the coast of Norway is a dreadful whirlpool. The body of water which forms it is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock against which the tide in its ebb is dashed with inconceivable fury; when it instantly swallows up every thing which comes within the sphere of its violence. No skill of the mariner or strength of rowing can work an escape. The sailor at the helm finds the ship at first going contrary to his intention; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid, it goes round in circles still narrower and narrower, till it is dashed against the rocks and entirely disappears. And thus it fares with the hapless youth that falls under the power of any vicious habit, particularly drunkenness. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the streams of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him further down the current, and brings him nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool, till at length stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle. It should also be observed, on the other hand, good habits are powerful as well as bad.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

To think well, and not *do* well, amounts to no more than to dream well.

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MORAL THERMOMETER.

TEMPERANCE.

	<i>Liquors.</i>	<i>Effects.</i>
40	Water,	Health, Wealth.
60	{ Milk and Water, Vinegar and Water, Molasses and Water, Small Beer,	Serenity of mind, Reputation, Long life, and Happiness.
40	Cider,	Cheerfulness.
30	Wine,	Strength and Nourishment,
20	Porter,	when taken only at Meals,
10	Strong Beer,	and in Moderate Quantities.

INTEMPERANCE.

	<i>Liquors.</i>	<i>Vices.</i>	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Punishments.</i>
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20	Toddy,	{ Peevishness, Quarrelling.	{ Puking, and tremors of the hands in the morning.	{ Black eyes, Rags.
30	Grog,	{ Fighting, Lying.	{ Bloatedness, Inflamed eyes.	Hunger.
40	Slings,	Swearing.	{ Red nose and face, sore and swelled legs.	Almshouse.
50	Bitters,	{ Obscenity, Fraud.	{ Jaundice, Pains in the Limbs.	Workhouse.
60	{ Rum, Gin, Whiskey, & Brandy in the morning,	{ Anarchy, ha- tred of just government.	{ Dropsy, Epilepsy, Melancholy.	{ Jail, Whip- ping-post.
70	{ Ditto Day and Night,	{ Murder, Suicide,	{ Idiotism. Mad- ness, Palsy, Apoplexy, Death.	{ State Prison, GALLOWS.